RURAL REPOSITORY,

OR BOWER OF LITERATURE

Embellished with Elegant Copperplate Engravings.

VOL. IX. [V. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. NOVEMBER 3, 1832. No. 12.

POPULAR TALES.

THE WAGGONER.

(Concluded.)

Hurrying on an interval of several years—for the few remaining scenes of this black drama must now be passed rapidly before the reader's eyes—let us approach the mansion of Job Oxleigh, Esq. M. P., on an evening in the winter of 1768. He was entertaining a numerous and gay dinner party, consisting of some of the most distinguished people in the county. Sir William Gwynne was to have been one of them, but excused himself on the score of illness. Many were the toasts that had been drunk, and were drinking; and then the health of the host was being proposed, and received with complimentary enthusiasm, when a servant brought in a letter, which he put into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Ebury, the vicar of the parish—a staid and learned man, who after a polite nod to the host, opened it, and read with much surprise as follows:—'The master of the workhouse presents respects to the Rev. Dr. Ebury, and begs to inform him, that there is a pauper in the workhouse, now in dying circumstances, who has so disturbed, for some time, every body in the house with his groans and lamentations, that it has been found necessary to put him into a room by himself. He says he has something very heavy on his mind, and humbly begs the favor of a clergyman's being sent for, when he will make an important confession. The Rev. Dr. Ebury is respectfully informed, that the man is pronounced to be in extreme circumstances, and that unless the doctor can come immediately, it may prove too late.'

Great was the astonishment with which Dr. Ebury perused this letter, which he took an oppurtunity of reading aloud to the company, as at once a sufficient and very interesting excuse for leaving. He promised to return to the party that evening, and communicate any intelligence he might receive. Mr. Oxleigh was observed to start as Dr. Ebury went on; and when he had finished reading the letter, Mr. Oxleigh turned deadly pale. Fortunately, however, for him, he had been complaining of indisposition several times in the course of the evening; and what was really the consequence of consternation and guilt, was readily attributed by those around him to the cause he assigned. His hands, his whole limbs shook; and his eyes looked glassily around the no longer welcome company; for he felt frightful misgivings that his name might be implicated in the confessions which the clergyman has gone to receive!

When Dr. Ebury reached the workhouse, he was conducted alone to the bed-side of the man who had wished to see him. He sat beside the gaunt and ghastly figure of a once tall and powerful man. The eyes were sunk and fixed, the flesh fallen away from his high cheek bones, his bloodless lips were retracted, and his huge bony hands, comparatively fleshless, clasped together on his breast, as in an attitude of prayer. He looked a fearful figure—the remnants of a ruffian.

Dr. Ebury knelt down beside the dying man and uttered a few words of prayer over him.

'And what have you to say to me my friend?' inquired Dr. Ebury, as soon as they were left alone. The man bent his staring eyes glassily on the clergyman, and with some difficulty, owing to a convulsive twitching about the throat, gasped, 'Ay, sir, ay! much to say, and short my time! Lord have mercy upon me! O, good Lord, pardon my wicked soul! Lord—Lord, forgive me, and I will confess all!' The man's nubs shook, and his lips worked to and fro violently, evidencing the presence of terrible emotion. He then gasped and faltered, at intervals, [illegible] to the following effect: 'Doctor, I have lived in guilt almost from a child—wo to me that I ever was born! I have been a robber, a smuggler, and even—even—' his retracted lips disclosed the white of his teeth in a frightful manner—'a—murderer! Ay—I have! but there is nothing weighs down my soul so heavily in these my last moments, as one wickedness I have done to an innocent, unoffending man—for, black and cruel as it will seem, it may be yet in my power to make amends. I shall break my oath—' Here a convulsive twitching seized his whole frame, and Dr. Ebury, under the apprehensions that the man was dying, called for assistance. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the power of speech returned. 'Sir, will God curse me if I break an oath I ought never to have made?' Dr. Ebury solemnly replied, 'No; especially if breaking it will tend to repair the evil you have done!' The man seemed encouraged.

'It is more than eight years ago now, sir—close going for nine—that a man of the name of Isaacs and I, both being smugglers at the time, were hired to help in kidnapping a man of the name of Fowler—' '*Fowler!* Fowler!' exclaimed Dr. Ebury, bending down breathlessly to catch every word,

uttered more faintly every moment by the dying man.

'Yes, sir—Fowler was his name; William Fowler—sent him off to America, and Isaacs with him; and cruelly did we use the poor harmless fellow!'

'And why was it all?'—'Because, sir, our employers told us he stood in the way of their rights!'

'What were their names?' inquired Dr. Ebury, bending down his ear to the very lips of the dying man, to catch every breath and sound, 'Sir Sir William Gwynne, and—and Squire Ox—Ox—leigh—'

Dr. Ebury turned suddenly pale, and almost overthrew the chair on which he had been sitting.

'Go on—go on! God give you strength to tell all you wish, and truly!'—'Amen! amen! amen!' replied the dying man, closing his eyes. His breath was evidently beginning to fail.

'Speak, before it is to late—relieve your soul—' 'Mr. Ox—Ox—leigh—paid me—had, in all, hundreds of pounds—Fowler now in America—hope—alive—New-York—Isaacs—order to kill—O—save—save—pray!' The wretched man's voice ceased, and gave place to a horrid choking, and gurgling sound—his hands quivered a moment with final agonies—there was a sudden start—his jaw dropped—his eyes looked upwards with a fixed leaden stare—and Dr. Ebury sat gazing on as fearful a corpse as he had ever witnessed.

He was so stunned with what he had heard, that he did not think of moving for some minutes from his seat beside the dead man. 'Sir William Gwynne!—Mr. Oxleigh!' he repeated, scarcely believing he had heard the words aright. He left the workhouse with such agitation in his countenance and trepidation in his gestures, as sufficiently alarmed the master and others whom he encountered, and who knew the dreary errand on which he had been summoned. He returned not to Mr. Oxleigh's party, but hurried to his own house, betook himself to his study, and instantly committed to paper what he had heard, determined, whatever might happen, to preserve such a faithful record as he could swear to.

About an hour after Dr. Ebury had left the workhouse, Mr. Oxleigh made his appearance there, having suddenly dismissed his visitors on the plea of illness.

'Is the man dead, Sir?' he inquired, falteringly, from the master.—'What—the man Dr. Ebury came to see, an hour or so since?'—'The same—ay, the same,' replied Oxleigh hastily.—'Yes, sir. He died while Dr. Ebury was with him; and he has'——

'Give me a light, sir, and let me be shown into the room alone. It is of consequence said Oxleigh, sternly; and presently, with a candle in his hand, entered the room where the corpse, yet untouched, was lying. He shut the door, and bolted it; approached the corpse, and let the light of the candle fall upon the ghastly features. His own countenance was blanched in a moment. 'So—it is you! ruffian!' he gasped, in a low checked tone, his body half recoiling from that of the dead man; his eyes gleaming with a diabolical stare upon those of the corpse; his left hand elevating his candle, and the right, with fist convulsively clenched, extended, for nearly a minute, in quivering contact with the face of the deceased. He *struck* the cold corpse—and then, overcome with horror, sunk down into a chair; his candle dropped—was extinguished—and then the dead and living ruffians were left together in darkness.

In a state of distraction bordering on frenzy, Oxleigh made his way from the workhouse, amazing the people he passed by the wildness and agitation apparent in his countenance. He hurried on horseback to Gwynne Hall, and asked hastily for Sir William Gwynne. He was informed that the baronet, feeling worse that evening, had been some hours in bed. 'Never mind, sir,' said Oxleigh to the thunderstruck valet; 'shew me into Sir William's chamber, instantly. Tell him my name, and that my business is of mortal consequence!' The valet returned shortly and conducted Mr. Oxleigh at once to the bedside of his master.

'Well sir—well,' commenced the baronet, in a low hurrid tone. 'What is the matter? For God's sake, sir, *what* has happened?' he inquired, in still greater agitation, seeing Oxleigh stand speechless, and the image of despair.

'Sir William, it is all over with us; we are DISCOVERED!' at length replied Oxleigh, in a gasping whisper, laying his shaking hand on the baronet's shoulder. Sir William sprung up in bed, as if he had received an electric shock, tossed off the bed clothes, and lay curved up and crouching in the midst of them, with his hands clutching the hair of his head, and his countenance full of frightful expression. It did little more than reflect the horror-stricken features of Oxleigh. There was a guilty pair! The baronet, without having uttered a syllable, slowly sunk again into bed, and lay there absolutely gasping. Neither of them spoke. At length Oxleigh recovered himself sufficiently to say, 'Sir William, Sir William, this is very truth; but we must not shrink in the hour of danger. We must meet it like men. We *must*, Sir William,' he continued eyeing the dumb struck, stupified baronet, who scarce seemed to hear him, but mumbled to himself. At length Oxleigh distinguished the words, 'It is death or transportation?'—'You are rambling, Sir William! What are you talking about? It is weak to behave *thus*, in such an awful crisis. Remember how you have implicated *me*, Sir William.'

The baronet was roused by these last words from his lethargy. He turned his head suddenly towards Oxleigh, looked at him a few seconds, and then suddenly leaped towards him, grasped him by the collar, and shook him with frantic fury, exclaiming, 'You fiend! you fiend! To talk *thus* to ME!' He had hardly uttered the words, however, before his hold relaxed, and he dropped into the bed again, in a swoon. Oxleigh rung the bell; and when the valet made his appearance, informed him he was going to bring the physician, and suddenly left the Hall. He hurried through the lonely park on foot; and when he had reached the thickest clump of trees, he paused, leaned against the glistening trunk of an old ash, and, with folded arms and bent brows, pondered his fearful fortunes.

'What is to be done! Dr. Ebury has taken down his confession, and has not returned, as he promised, to my house! Then he knows all! Messengers will be sent off to America, Sir William and I shall be arrested, we shall be confronted with Fowler in a court of justice—or—I must away betimes! And yet suppose, after all, the man died before he could make confession! Suppose he was unable to speak distinctly! Suppose he has not told names—has not mentioned *me*—and all is yet safe! *There* is a straw to cling to! But suppose he HAS!—My neck aches! I must away! I must leave all behind me. Yes—Sir William Gwynne!—Well—what if I do leave *him*? Would *he* risk his life for me? Then why I for him? I entered into

all this to serve *my* ends, not his! I must away—be off to America! This night—ay, this very night—and alone! If I had but known where the catiff that has betrayed me was to have been found, I would have silenced him! Oxleigh clutched his hands involuntarily, as though they were grasping the dead man's throat. 'This is why he has been absconding the last six months from Sir William and me—the pitiful villain.'

He sprung from where he had been standing, made for where he had fastened his horse, galloped at the utmost speed over the highway, and was soon at home. After a night of terrible agitation, he determined to take the earliest opportunity of calling at the vicarage, and seeing Dr. Ebury, where he could but learn the worst. By ten o'clock he was knocking at the vicar's; but to his consternation, he found that Dr. Ebury had set off, an hour before, in a carriage and four, for London, in company with Mr. Parkhurst, a solicitor in the neighborhood. There was no mistaking *that* move, thought Oxleigh! He returned home and hastily wrote to Sir William Gwynne:—'Fate thrusts me from England. When you read this, I shall be on my way to foreign parts. I can do no good in England for myself, or for you. I leave you bound to the stake by your own weakness. Accursed be the hour I ever saw you, or discovered the means of my ruin. J. O.'

He altered his intentions suddenly, however, after writing and sending the above note to Sir William Gwynne; for his terrified domestics found him that morning lying in the paved yard behind his house, horribly crushed and mangled. He had thrown himself, head foremost, out of the highest window!

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The scene must once more shift to America. In the large room of an inn in New-York, one Saturday evening in February, 1769, was collected together the usual miscellaneous assemblage of sailors, small tradesmen, and others fond of 'noisy song and stirring draught.' It differed little from a crowded English tap-room. Liquor circulated freely, and conversation, if such name it deserved, was brisk and boisterous. There were several recently-arrived British sailors in the room; who, about eight o'clock, left, to return to their respective vessels, leaving behind them two of their passngers. These men seemed silent and reserved, even beyond the proverbial taciturnity of Englishmen; and for upwards of an hour had drunk their liquor in quiet, without exchanging a syllable with any one about them. They continued drinking, however, till liquor opened the sluices of speech—at least of one—who took the opportunity of the other's temporary absence, to inform a listening coterie, that had gradually collected about the bench on which he sat, of the reason of his visiting America. The prudent person was no other than he who was first brought before the eye of the reader—Richard Forster, who had, during the seven or eight years which had elapsed, been elevated to the dignity of a constable; and he told his gaping auditors, that his and his companion's errand to America, in company with a Torney and his Clerk, was to discover a kidnapped Englishman of the name of Fowler!

'I suppose there isn't any one here that knows Bill Fowler—or where he may be found?' inquired the garrulous and foolish Englishman, whose simple intellects were getting more and more disturbed with what he was drinking. He repeated his question.

'Hold your tongue,' growled his companion, that moment returning, and resuming his seat by Forster.—'Hold your tongue, you fool!' and his brother constable pinched him cruelly by the arm. Forster's question was answered in the negative by those around—who began to ask questions in their turn.

'Does any of you—'—'St! St!' whispered his scowling companion, kicking Forster's shins under the table. But his tongue had been set going, and could not be easily stopped.

'Does any one know a fellow of the name of—of—of—Le—Le—hang me, I've forgotten his name! What is it, Dobbes?' He hiccupped to his companion, who was smoking his pipe with prodigious energy. 'O, you fool!—Don't speak to me. You deserve your tongue cut out of your head!—Gentlemen!' he continued, addressing those around,—'all that this silly chap has said is blather—mere moonshine. He's drunk! We have but come to America to-day, and for the purpose of settling in this town, if we can.' But his auditors' curiosity was excited, and could not so easily be allayed. One of them was Francis Leroux himself; and the consternation with which he listened to the gabble of the English stranger, may be imagined. He had, only that afternoon, come up to New-York, to see whether there were any long expected letters for him from England; for his own letter had been long unanswered, and he was getting furious, and bent on mischief. He was too practised a villain to lose his presence of mind in such an emergency as that in which he now suddenly found himself placed. Drinking a little deeper from the glass that stood before him, he mingled with the throng around Forster, and, with as indifferent a tone as he could assume, inquired, 'Why—what does your government intend to do with the knave?' 'It has sent out us four gentlemen to seek these two men, Bill Fowler, (who, would you believe it, is an old friend of mine,) and Le—Le—Le—what's his name?—back to England. The whole thing is discovered! 'Tis all known! This Bill Fowler is worth——'

'Now, I'll tell thee what, exclaimed his companion, a huge fellow, flinging down his pipe, 'if thou sayest one word more, I'll take thee into the street, and put my fist upon thee till thou art sober again. Come away, you rascal!' and Dick was dragged out of the room, amidst the jokes and laughter of the whole room.

Neither joke nor laugh, however, fell from the quivering lip of Leroux. He presently left the inn, and made for the post where he had tied up his nag, which he saddled, mounted, and rode at a smart pace out of the town, desirous of reaching his and William Fowler's residence as quickly as his horse could carry him. Two schemes suggested themselves to his busy thought as he rode along. The one was, to make drunk, and then murder Fowler that very night, and then start for South America. The other to conceal him, by getting him to undertake a journey far inland—and keeping him there, on one pretext of business or another, till Leroux could make terms for himself, by turning king's evidence, and betraying his employers.

'I know well how to dispose of him,' thought Leroux, as he rode slowly up a hill, to ease his nag; 'and yet not have to charge myself with his murder. Poor Fowler! He is a harmless fellow, too—and what harm has he ever done me? But I've done too much against him already, to stop now! Besides, Sir William Gwynne's last letter—and I've sworn to obey *him!* So—let me see how it might be done. Suppose I wait till to-morrow

evening, and then ask Fowler quietly to drink with me, at my little place in the Lakefield. He is easy and simple, especially in the matter of drink, which I can make him swill, till he knows not whether head or heels are uppermost. Then I will part with him; and, to return home, he must pass the Dorlbad, which is a rotten and dangerous bridge, scarcely passable by day-time, and while sober—and there is a rushing stream underneath, with a thirty foot fall! Suppose I send him out, then, reeling—and nearly blind drunk—and shake hands with him at parting, telling him to take care of himself—(Lord, there *can't* be murder, if I say *that!*) Well—he comes to the bridge—he staggers—his foot—his foot—his foot slips—I watch him from a distance—do not see him—there is a faint crash—and I am off that night for South——'

Leroux's horse had been standing still, while these fearful thoughts passed through the head of its rider, who suddenly heard the clatter of horses' hoofs approaching from behind, at a smart pace; and, turning round his head, he found a small party of horsemen approaching him. He was a little surprised at this, for the road was lonely and unfrequented; but surprise gave way to a very different feeling, when, on being overtaken, one of the party stopped his horse beside him, and—another snatching hold of his bridle—seized him with the grasp of a Hercules by the collar, and in a rough English voice, said, 'Isaac Isaacs—thou art my man; and, dead or alive, I will have thee in England, before thou art two months older. I say,' he continued, tightening his vice-like hold; 'hast forgotten what an English bull-dog is, Isaacs?'

Confounded, as he well might be, with the suddenness of the seizure, and more so, at hearing his real name spoken, the first time for many years, Isaacs, who was a very muscular man, swung his assailant nearly off his horse with a sudden jerk of his arm. Two pistols were instantly leveled at his head.

'Dost see what are before thee?' inquired the man who had seized him, and still kept his hold—'They will teach the reason?' 'Why—are you Englishmen?' growled Isaacs; 'and is *this* the way——'

'Aye, we are English—and stout men, too!' replied the brawney constable; 'and to show thee what stuff we are made of,—if thou hast English blood enough left in thee to relish a round at bruising,—(thou art a big fellow,) and wilt dismount—I will make thee swear a horse kicked thee, Isaacs!' shaking his huge fist at his prisoner. 'Come! art for a turn?' 'A likely thing!' muttered Isaacs, without stirring a muscle.

'So! thou wilt not fight un, eh?—Well—to be sure thou hast lived in America, and forgotten our English ways. But we shall teach thee them, Master Issacs!' he continued—and observing his prisoner with his hand in his bosom, trying to unclasp a knife, he aimed such a tremendous blow at the side of his head, that his prisoner would have fallen from his horse, had he not still been held by the left hand of the constable. Isaacs was completely stunned; and before he could recover himself, his arms were tied tightly together behind his back, and the rope passed once round his neck, in such a way, that if he struggled at all, he would find himself nearly choked.

'Now look, Isaacs,' said the constable, standing over his slowly recovering prisoner, 'I have often seen thy ugly face in Shropshire, and knew the sort of trade thou didst carry on, though mayhap thou knewest nought of me. I heard thee ask Dick Forster here, them questions at the inn! I saw thy face grow white as a new-washed shirt! And now, to be short, having thus quietly taken thee, we will as quietly keep thee!—Isaacs, an' thou art for leaving America alive, do thou hearken to me, and tell me where Bill Fowler is, or we'll hang thy great carcass on the first tree we come to; which is the English way of doing things in America.'

'Where is your warrant for all this?' growled Isaacs. 'Here!' said the Englishman, taking a pistol out of his coat-pocket; 'sure this will be enough for thee! Isaacs, we be charged to bring home thee and Sir William Fowler Gwynne, by fair means or foul, and we *will*, Isaacs!'

'Well—let me know one thing. If I should show you where he is, safe and sound—will you release me?' There was a pause, 'No—I will be plain and true with thee like a man. We will *not* let thee go; we will have thee back to England, dead or alive.'

'Well—if I show him to you—and we both reach England—what will be done with me, think you? Hanging?' 'Why—no; I doubt whether thou art worthy of that. Thou wilt, perchance, be put into the stocks, morning, noon, and night, for three years; and then publicly whipped; and then be kicked out of Old England, and sent to a somewhat different place from this—and when thou art there, how soon thou gettest shot, or hanged, matters not.' Every one laughed at the eloquence of the constable but Isaacs.

'What—will it not make in my favor to tell you where he is, gentlemen?' said the crest-fallen Isaacs, quite cowered before the plain-spoken, resolute, athletic Englishman. 'To be sure it will!—An thou dost not, thou shall not *live* to get hanged in England, for I will knock out thy brains here!' Isaacs seemed reflecting awhile.

'Well,' said he, at length, 'I see how it is—and perhaps 'twere better to tell at once!—Look'ee gentlemen!—I'm an injured man.'—There was a laugh;—'I've done all in my power to release Fowler, and get him back to England—but could not compass it. I have used him handsomely, and given him almost all the monies that were sent me from England——' 'Come, then—he'll be better able to tell us that himself,' said the constable, urging his prisoner, and helping him on horseback; 'thou must mind say all *that* before my lord the Judge in England, who will have to sentence thee. I am a plain man, and don't see the use on't!—Now lead thou on, Master Isaacs!'

Nearly bursting with fury, Isaacs, his horse's bridle held by the constable, directed the party in what direction to proceed; and in about two hour's time, the cavalcade entered the quiet farm-yard of Fowler and Isaacs—and one of the party knocked at the house-door. It was about twelve o'clock, and Fowler was greatly alarmed, thinking himself beset by banditti.

'Do but come down to us.' said Dick Forster, one of the party, thoroughly shaken into his sober senses, before setting out on the expedition, by his angry companion.—'Do but come down to us, and we will tell you the greatest piece of news you ever heard.—Come!—come,—an' it be with a cocked pistol in each hand, and under both arms! Why, man, I am loving Richard Forster from England! And here be never so many friends come with me, to bear me company to you!' Fowler nearly leaped out of the window from which he had been reconnoitering the party in the yard. In a trice he was down stairs, in the midst of them, with his cap and

night-shirt; and singling out Forster, who rushed forward to meet him, clasped him in his arms, laughing and crying by turns.

'Why, dearest Dick, what art thou come here for? Who be all these?' All bowed and removed their hats, and their eloquent spokesman proceeded—'We be come to tell you of your rights, and riches, and honor, and titles, and our loves.—You be no longer Bill Fowler, but Sir William Fowler Gwynne, a baronet of Gwynne-Hall, Shropshire, with a hundred thousand pounds a-year besides! A'n't he, gentlemen, eh?'—turning round with a confident air to his bowing companions.

'Sir William—*Sir William*—what?'—inquired Fowler standing stupified among them. 'Ay, ay, Bill—I mean *Sir* Bill—that is, Sir William'—stammered Dick Forster. 'You be really a very great man, and here's one behind us, will tell thee so, besides!'—and stepping aside, poor Leroux, with his hands tied behind him, and in the grasp of the gigantic constable, stood forth to view. Fowler stared at him breathlessly.

'Isaacs!' said Forster, 'I mean, Le—Le—what's it?—Isn't this all true? Isn't Bill Fowler that was, a baronet now, by the name of Sir William Fowler?'——'Ay, I suppose so!' grumbled Isaacs, ashamed to look his ci-devant captive in the face.

'What! is it all true?' said Fowler, approaching him, with a wondering air. 'Is it no dream?—No mockery?' 'You *are* Sir William Gwynne!' replied Isaacs, sullenly.

'And why are *you* tied in this way, eh?' pursued Fowler, elevating his hands in astonishment. 'Because *he's* a rogue, as you are a baronet!' replied Dick Forster, promptly.

Fowler still looked bewildered. 'Gentlemen,' said he suddenly, 'I can't make it out; but I shall know better what to think, when I've slept upon it! But—if I'm really a baronet—why, I'll make you all drink this night with the greatest man you ever drank with before! I will empty all my ale-casks for you, and you can drink them. Come in, gentlemen—come in, I say!'

The baronet was obeyed; and in a short time was sitting in his parlor, with a new-lit fire, surrounded by his English friends, and with a fresh-tapped cask of ale upon the table, which supplied such excitement to them all, as found vent in songs that might have been heard a mile off, and were heard with peculiar satisfaction by Isaacs, who, with his legs tied together, and his arms pinioned, lay in the room over head. It was soon arranged that they were all to set off for England without the delay of a day. Sir William Fowler was not long in making his preparations; but one of the guests did not evince such alacrity for the voyage, as his companions. It was Isaacs; who took the opportunity, in some inexplicable way, of making his escape. When his mortified captors came, hardly sobered, into the room where they had left him,—lo, their man was gone! All search proved useless; no traces of him were ever discovered.

Let us travel faster to England than Sir William and his attendants, and view the aspect of matters awaiting his arrival.

Dr. Ebury lost no time, as he was, in proceeding up to London, and laying before the Secretary of State the shocking confession he had received, thereby explaining the sudden and mysterious abduction of Fowler. The villanous plot began to unravel itself; but, as an affair of such magnitude and criminating a man of the rank and fortune of Sir William Gwynne, the Secretary of State enjoined the utmost deliberation and circumspection. The moment, however, Oxleigh's suicide was communicated to him, he felt warranted, at the instance of Mr. Parkhurst, the solicitor accompanying Dr. Ebury, in sending a commission of four persons to America; two of them constables from the neighborhood, and acquainted with the person of Fowler, to bring back the kidnapped heir to the titles and estates of Gwynne. In the mean time, Mr. Parkhurst hurried down to Shropshire with a warrant to arrest Oxleigh, and reached his house, with officers, during the time that a coroner's inquest was sitting on the body. He then proceeded to Gwynne Hall; but found Sir William in too dangerous circumstances to be moved. Very heavy bail was taken for him, and an officer besides left in the house. A most rigorous investigation into the whole affair was set on foot by Mr. Parkhurst and Dr. Ebury. The claims of the absent Fowler were thoroughly sifted, and found to be irrefragable. Morning, noon, and night, did Mr. Parkhurst devote cheerfully to the laborious inquiry; writing with his own hands hundred of folios. When, at length, he had collected all his materials, and, as the phrase is, 'licked them a little into shape,' he set off with them for London, to secure the opinion and advice of the celebrated Attorney-General. Great interest was excited about the cause, even in the metropolis; and all parties waited with anxiety for the decision of the Attorney-General,—as if his fiat had been that of the judges.

The day appointed by the Attorney-General for delivering his opinion on the voluminous case laid before him, happened, singularly enough, to be that on which the new baronet and his friends arrived in London, from America. Mr. Parkhurst soon received intelligence of the event; and procured the attendance of Sir William, with himself; Dr. Ebury, and another, at the Attorney-General's chambers in the Temple, where he had intimated his intention of reading to them and explaining his opinion.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not think I ever devoted such anxious care to a case as to this. I have gone nearly a dozen times over this pile of papers, and had, all the while, the assistance of my eminent brother, the Solicitor-General. We completely agree in one opinion; which is, that the title of Sir William Gwynne CANNOT BE DISTURBED.' Mr. Parkhurst almost sunk into the floor. 'There are two reasons for this,' proceeded the Attorney-General, calmly; 'first, the statute of limitations came into operation six months ago, in Sir William's favor: and I need not say, that when the statute once begins to run, nothing can stop it. But even supposing that ground to be doubtful, as it *may*, possibly, be beat into a questionable shape, there is yet a fatal obstacle in the way of the person whose pretensions you have so zealously and ably espoused; Sir William Gwynne IS THE RIGHT HEIR AT LAW.' Mr. Parkhurst looked aghast. 'In a matter of such moment as this, I have availed myself of a certain information, which was tendered to me in consideration of my office. I have here, and shall deliver into your hands, a document, formerly in the possession of the deceased Mr. Job Oxleigh, and unquestionably in his hand writing, stating, with proofs, that the wife of the late William Fowler Gwynne, the alleged mother of the person now present—pointing to the *soi-disant* baronet—'died, certainly having given birth to a son; but that son DIED within a week of his christening. This young

man, who has always hitherto borne the name of William Fowler, was an orphan son of a poor woman that died in the neighborhood of Mrs. Fowler, who took her child, nursed it, gave it the name of William Fowler, and died, leaving it about two years of age. The whole has been the singularly artful contrivance of the late Mr. Job Oxleigh, to hold Sir William Gwynne in bondage, and extort from him the estate called 'The Sheaves,' of which Mr. Oxleigh was possessed. I may take the liberty of suggesting, that, though the baronet has acted cruelly and illegally, under the circumstances, a prosecution against him would not be more than barely sustained. He has suffered greater torture for the last nine or ten years, than the law can inflict upon him. It is of course, however, for you and others to consider this, which I merely offer as a suggestion. Sir, I beg to hand you my written opinion, as well as the document to which I have alluded; and to intimate that I am compelled to withdraw, being summoned to attend the king.'

The Attorney-General bowed, and withdrew into another room, leaving Mr. Parkhurst, and indeed all present, completely thunderstruck.

'What!—Be I no baronet, then, after all?' inquired Fowler, woefully chopfallen. Mr. Parkhurst gave him no answer.

'Who is to send me back again to America?'

These were puzzling and unwelcome questions. How the poor fellow was eventually disposed of, I know not; though, it is said, he was seen, shortly after, in his old character of a waggoner; and his splendid adventures silenced for ever the claims to popularity of poor Dick Forster. Mr. Parkhurst did not continue in town two hours after the Attorney-General had delivered his opinion; but stepped into a post-chaise and four, and hurried down into Shropshire, to release Sir William Gwynne from all restraint, and communicate the extraordinary turn which circumstances had taken. He reached Gwynne Hall in time to see the return of the mournful funeral procession, which had attended Sir William's remains to the vault of his ancestors. The grief-worn, broken-hearted baronet—the victim of villany almost unequalled in systematic atrocity—had expired about a week before, begging he might be buried as quickly as possible—as though he were ashamed for his remains to be upon the face of the earth. The titles and estates went to a remote member of the family. Q. Q. Q.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MILITIA MUSTER.

Who that has ever seen Johnston's 'Militia Muster,' will not shake his sides at the application of the following dialogue to the characters? Though the '*gentlemen sodgers*' are not '*labelled*,' no difficulty will be found in assigning to each his proper part. We find it in the New-York Traveller.

'Tention the hull! shoulder as you were!'

'I say, Capting, Make's priming his firelock with brandy.'

'Why Deacon Michael Bigelow, aint you ashamed to do sich a thing arter signin the temperance paper. I'll report you to the Court Martial.'

'You without bagonets on your corn stalks stand back in the rear rank. Trail arms.'

'Capting, why the dickens don't you put the ranks furder apart; that are chaps bagonet stuck right strate into Jim's trowsers, and I rather guess he wont set down quite so slick as he used to.'

'I say Mister, don't blow your bocker smoke into my face.'

'Why, darn it, how could I help it; this here feller shoulderin his firelock, struck his bagonet right straite through the rim of my beaver, and I rather guess as how any on ye would jerk your head a leetle one side, smoke or no smoke.'

'Mister, hand me down my hat.'

'Can't do it; wait till the Capting tells us to order arms; won't bring down my firelock without orders if your head was on top on't.'

'That's right Joe, rale sodger I tell ye—only arter this shoulder your firelock perpendiciler.'

'John, you've got a firelock what made you bring your mumbrel.'

'Why, Capting, the wind was due east, and I heard the turkeys screechin, so I knew we'd have a shower.'

'Tom, what are you bawlin about.'

'Why, Capting, Jim Lummin, smash'd my toe with the butt of his gun, and I rather guess it's a 36 pounder for it's tarnashun heavy.'

'Jim Lummins, jist have the politeness to take your gun off Tom's toe, and look out how you smash arter this.'

'Capting, I say, here is an engagement, or rather an attack on the right flank.'

'Why, Leftenant, you don't say so—what is it?'

'Why, Parks Lummis and George King fightin like blazes.'

'Well make a ring arter parade, and see fair play; only tell them to stop till we git done sogerin.'

'Why, Leftenant, what made you put fat Arther in the front rank.'

'Kaze as how, Capting, he's so tarnal switchel bellied he'll keep the ranks in open order. I rather guess if he ever should be promoted to Major, he'll look like a sack of salt on horse-back. If we should go to battle, and all be kilt but him, he would'nt be the *skeleton* of the regiment.'

'Cubed Skinflint you go on the rite of the company.'

'What for, Capting?'

'Kaze as how the tallest men always do; you're as long as the Grand Canawl, and split up like a two foot rule. Now I tell you, if you don't go right off we'll make a lightnin rod of ye.'

'Capting, I say, it's arter sun down, and I rather guess I need'nt stay any longer cording to law.'

'Well, I'm agreed. Now! git into a straite line, as quick as greased lightnin. Right Face! Dismiss!'

An ignorant soldier at Quebec, observing some of his comrades stay behind him at church, asked them, on their coming out, what was the reason? They told him jeeringly, that the parson had treated them to some wine. 'No other liquor,' says the fellow. Seeing he swallowed the bait, they answered, that he might have what liquor he chose. Next Sunday he staid to have his share; and when the clergyman offered him the wine, he put up his hand to his head, in token of salutation, and said modestly, 'please your reverence, I would prefer punch.'

Several scholars went to steal rabbits, and by the way, they warned a novice among them, to make no noise, for fear of scaring the rabbits away. At last, he espying some, said loud in Latin, 'Ecce cuniculi multi?' and with that the rabbits ran into their boroughs: wherewith his fellow offended, and chiding him for it, he said, 'Who the d—l would have thought that rabbits understood Latin!'

A notorious thief about to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with.—The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty, upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in *not guilty*. The judge bid them to consider of it again; but still they brought in their verdict, *not guilty*. The judge then asked them the reason. The foreman replied, 'there is reason enough; for we all know he is one of the greatest liars in the world.'

William Belderdych.—William Belderdych, admired as the first Poet that modern Holland has produced, and not less distinguished by the other brilliant faculties of his mind, did not in his youth show any happy dispositions to study. His father who formed an unfavorable opinion of his talents, was much distressed, and frequently reproached him in severe terms for inattention and idleness; to which young Belderdych did not appear to pay any attention. In 1776, the father, with a newspaper in his hand, came to stimulate him, by showing him an advertisement of a prize offered by the Society of Leyden, and decreed to the author of a piece of poetry signed with these words; '*An Author only eighteen years old*,' who was invited to make himself known. 'You ought to blush, idler,' said old Belderdych to his son: 'here is a boy only of your age, and though so young is the pride and happiness of his parents, and you——' 'It is I, myself,' answered young William, throwing himself into his father's arms.

The above is much like an anecdote, which had its origin in a northern town some years ago, before the art of temperance was discovered. An awkward, but rather dry sort of a man, addressed a Mr. Dunning, and said, 'You know I am an odd fellow, and my father was a very singular man, and never appeared to much advantage except when hard at work in his blacksmith shop. Now what do you think my father shaved himself with? I'll bet a quart of rum you can't guess right on three trials.' After a little pause, Mr. D. closed with the proposition, and commenced guessing. 'Your father, said he, 'shaved with some instrument of his own manufacture.' No. 'A butcher's knife.' No. 'A jacknife or common table knife.' No. 'Why you darn'd fool,' said the man, (leaning upon and occupying half the shop counter,) my father shaved himself with a good razor.' Mr. D. proverbially shrewd and wary, was for once taken in by having his mind excited to look abroad for mysteries, when simple truth remained at her old habitation.

A gentleman who had a remarkably fiery nose, sleeping in his chair, a negro boy who was in waiting, observed a musquetoe hovering round his face; *Quashi* eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. 'Ah, d—n you heart,' exclaimed the negro, 'me berry glad to see you *burn your foot!*'

In spite of your Teeth.—Judge Brackenridge, who has lately made some stir in the political world, and who is a comical son of a comical father, resided some years in Florida, and was, it is said, engaged to be married to a lady of some of the middle states. During this time her beauty was somewhat impaired by the loss of one or two of her fore teeth. This circumstance gave her some uneasiness, and when she appeared in the presence of her lover, after his return from Florida, she asked him if he thought her much altered? He replied that he saw no alteration except the loss of her foreteeth: 'but,' said he, 'I do not regard that, *I will marry you in spite of your teeth.*'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1832.

To our Patrons.—The Publisher of the Rural Repository would inform his numerous patrons and friends that he contemplates enlarging his paper, the ensuing year, so that it may favorably compete in size and appearance with any one, afforded at the same low rate, in the Union. He confidently hopes that his present patrons and all who feel an interest in the continuance of the publication will exert themselves in its behalf, by endeavouring each to obtain a subscription in addition to his own, as his only prospect of renumeration, in case of his presenting them with an enlarged and otherwise improved sheet, will be in a steady and increasing patronage and prompt pay.

The Rochester Gem.—The Proprietor of this valuable periodical, has already issued the prospectus of a new volume, which he intends shall surpass any of its predecessors. It will commence January 1st, 1833.

Westward Ho!—This is the title of Paulding's new novel, just published by the Messrs. Harpers, New-York. This work is strictly national in all its parts and will add to the brilliant reputation, as a delineator of American character and scenery, which the author has already acquired by his Dutchman's Fireside and other publications.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, ending Oct. 31st.

J. Merrill, P. M. Shelburne Falls, Ms. $1; G. Ballard, Leicester, N. Y. $1; C. Fuller, Brimfield, Ms. $1; V. Cruser, Kingston, N. J. $1; S. Crandell, Chatham, N. Y. $1; A. C. Pelton, Stockbridge, Ms. $1; Baldwin & Boyd, Addison, N. Y. $1; H. C. Witherill, Auburn, N. Y. $2; J. G. Ring, Clermont, N. Y. $1; E. Smith, Butternuts, N. Y. $1; T. West, Rochester, N. Y. $1, O. B Davis, Charleston, N. Y. $1; B. Underhill, Cortland town, N. Y. $10; W. C. Halsted, Troy, N. Y. $1; R. E. Andrews, Clermont, N. Y. $1; W. P. Konkle, Elmira, N. Y. $2; C. Lindsay, Colborne, U. C. $1.

SUMMARY,

A monthly magazine, to be called the *Knickerbocker*, has been projected at New-York; and will probably come out speedily.

According to the latest advices from Algiers, an attack upon the place by an army of Arabs, was expected.

There are fourteen hundred and ninety-two Post Masters in the state of New-York, whose aggregate receipts are 312,000 dollars per annum

Mr. Charles H. Webb, formerly of the Pearl-street and Catskill Mountain House, has just opened a splendid Hotel, under the title of Congress Hall, in Broadway, between Cedar and Liberty-Streets, New-York.

The gilt and plated Buttons made by Leavenworth & Hendrick, at Waterbury, Conn., now amounts to 132 varieties, and sell at from 75 cents to 10 dollars per gross. Any new pattern can be made and delivered at a week's notice.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, in this city, by the Rev. Edward Andrews, Mr. Richard Wand to Miss Charlotte Gill.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Leonard Wells, to Miss Lydia Adsit.

At Stuyvesant, on the 27th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Little, Mr. Jacob Keller of this city, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Capt Samuel Fibble, of the former place.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Benjamin Coon of Monroe Co. to Miss Catharine Wildey, of Stuyvesant.

At Columbiaville, on Thursday evening, the 18th ult by the Rev. Russel R. Little, Mr. Jasper Owen, to Miss Lucy Prentice, all of the same place.

At Claverack, on the 14th u't. by the Rev. Richard Sluyter, Mr. Gilbert Carter, to Miss Sarah Hilleteth.

On the 17th ult. by the same, Mr. John C. Everts, to Miss Christina Van Rensselaer.

On the 18th u't. by the same, Mr. Briant Bristel, to Miss Mary Ann Durefee.

On the 20th, ult. by the same, Mr. James J. [illegible] Van Deusen, to Miss Maria Margaret [illegible].

On the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. Amos Ackley, to Miss Catharine Westfall.

POETRY.

From the Bouquet.

A touching story is beautifully told by a little print, representing an erring girl who has returned to the paternal home, and her father, a stern but sorrowful old man, who is engaged in burning the gay trappings his repentant child has just thrown off, to put on once again the humble garments of her more innocent days. It is a French design, and is entitled.

THE RETURN TO THE VILLAGE.

The spoiler came,
With a sweet voice which stole upon her ear
Like a soft tone of music, and a charm
Which like a first young dream of guileless love
Haunted her innocent thoughts, and day by day
Was her companion in her solitude.
He spoke to her of love; and as he marked
The warm blood kindling in her youthful cheek,
And her quick pulses throbbing with the wild,
Delirious fulness of delight, he knelt,
E'en in his pride before her, and with vows
And protestations of unending love,
He changed her spotless innocence to guilt—
Aye ruined her and left her!

The bright tinge
Of health forsook her cheek, and from her eye
The flash of beauty faded, and her heart
Was stung with agony, when the keen,
Fierce whisperings of conscience came sometimes
Like an unbidden vision, until thought
Had perished in its own intensity.
She might have borne without a murmuring word
The deep and bitter agony which guilt
Was pouring on her heart; but when she saw
Her father's eye grow dim, and his strong limbs
Tremble with weakness, as if grief had dried
The fountains of his strength; then to her soul
Low whispers came, that she had murdered him—
Then her sick spirit could no longer bear;—
And with a silent prayer for those she left,
And a half-uttered curse upon herself,
She fled from her disgrace.

Years rolled away,
And he, whose lovely daughter had so sinned,
Had half forgotten her; but yet sometimes
Her spirit seemed to linger round her home,
And then each flower which she had loved in youth,
And every spot where she was wont to stray,
Grew dearer to the old and care-worn man.

* * * * * * *

He sat one morning in his cottage door,
Gazing with a calm eye upon the scene
Which lay so fair before him, and his thoughts
Were straying in a half unconscious dream,
To his long absent daughter— Where was she?
Tears came unbidden to the old man's eye,
And a half-stifled groan burst from his lips,
As if his spirit struggled with itself.

A light form stood beside him—a low voice,
With a heart-broken accent, but a tone
Which pierced his very soul, fell on his ear.
It was his child. She had come back again
With a repentant heart, and now she stood
A suppliant before him. She had been
A wretched, friendless outcast in the world,
And drank of its wild pleasures, and the sting
Which follows guilt, had rankled in her heart
With a fierce agony; but now with tears
She knelt before him, and confessed her sin.
A smile spoke his forgiveness?—a new light
Beamed in her eyes, and with a buoyant heart,
And a light step of gladness, she threw off
Her gaudy trappings, and resumed the garb,
Which she had worn in youthful innocence.

The flush of health returned to her wan cheek,
And her weak voice grew clearer, and the sting
Which gnawed within her like a 'tooth of fire,'
Had ceased to torture. With her penitence,
There came a calm upon her wearied soul,
And like a child she wept for very joy!
That GOD had spared her to return once more!

ALF.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

I KNELT BY THE FOUNTAINS.

BY MRS. JULIA L. DUMONT.

I knelt by the fountains,
To quench my soul's thirst,
In the soft breathing gardens
Of Pleasure that burst;
But, tho' gushing in music
And sparkling with light,
I found that they yielded
But taint-spot and blight.

The pride of my strength
As I tasted grew tame,
And faintness and mist
On my soul darkly came;
And sickening I turned
To the high paths, that led
Where Fame's mantling goblet
Its deep glories shed.

The bright founts of Science
Now rose on my way—
Pure tides, whose clear waters
Flash'd high to the day;
But 'twas vain—all in vain—
Though of all these I quaff'd,
The heart's wasting fires
Claim a holier draught.

Then at last I turned
To a lone, quiet stream,
In the Vale of Affection
Revealing its gleam;
And I found, as I knelt
By that soft-shadowed rill,
The earth had one fount,
That our soul's thirst could still.

EQUALITY.

I dream'd, that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And, as so mean a neighbor shocked my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cried:
'Scoundrel, begone! and henceforth touch me not,
More manners learn—and, at a distance, rot.'
'How scoundrel!' in a haughtier tone cried he;
'Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and thee:
Here, all are equal; now thy case is mine;
This is my rotting place, and that is thine.'

ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES *in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Ink.

PUZZLE II.—It is a *verse to matrimony*, and so is he.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a coquette like a skillful card player?

II.

Why is a confectioner like a murderer,

Almanacks For 1833.

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☞ All Orders and Communications must be *post paid* to receive attention.